Vol. VI. Numb. 33

THE OBSERVATOR.

Crumbs of Comfort for the Country-man. *Of the Duke of* Savoy*'s marching into* Provence, *in order to beſiege* Thoulon. *A Battel and Victory likely to be in* Flanders. *The* Poſt-Boy *corrected, concerning Capt.* Dampier. *Of a Sea-Fight with a Monkey. Of* 50000 *Maſſes for the Repoſe of the Souls of the Duke* D'Anjou*'s Soldiers kill'd at* Almanza.

From Saturday, June 21. to Wednesday, June 25. 1707.

Obſ. I Never ſaw my *Country-man* in ſuch an Humour in my Life: Some People have the Pouts, but 'tis ſoon over with them. A Fit of the Hyppo does not poſſeſs every Body, as long as it does thee. What's the Meaning of it, *Roger?* How ſhall I diſpoſſeſs thee of this melancholy Devil?

Country-m. Maſter, there's nothing will ſet your *Country-man* to Rights, but a fighting Story: Never Woman with Child long'd more for ſome delicious Bit, than *Roger* longs for a fighting Story. I want a Belly-full of Succeſs; a Pound or two of Fighting won't ſerve the Turn now, I have been ſo long faſting. Pray, Maſter, have you any Crumbs of Comfort in your Budget, to ſtay my Stomach 'till the Victory is diſh'd up, and brought to Table?

Obſ. Yes, *Roger*, I have abundance of Hopes from the Expedition of the Duke of *Savoy* into *Provence*: We have a true Stroke in view, the Siege of *Thoulon*.

Country-m. Aye, Maſter, that will do; but is it feaſible? Is it poſſible to be done?

Obſ. Both feaſible, poſſible, and probable: And if that Place be taken, it will be of more Advantage than many Victories in *Flanders*. The Field of *Mars* is like a Bowling-Green; if it be not continually kept mow'd with the Scythe of War, there will be no playing at Soldiers upon it. We have mow'd it for two Years together, and yet we find the Graſs grown ſo high, that we ſeem to be loſt in it. But, *Roger*, this Stroke in *Provence* will be pulling the *French* Power up by the Roots.

For if *Thoulon* be taken or deſtroy'd, the *French* Harbour in the *Mediterranean* will be loſt, the Harbour where they lay up their great Ships, where many of 'em now are, and which muſt be taken or deſtroy'd: And this will be a Blow which *France* can never recover, and will be follow'd by the Reduction of *Marſailles*, the Harbour in the *Mediterranean* for the *French* Gallies.

Country-m. Pray God you be *John*. You have foretold Things that afterwards have happen'd, and may do ſo again. But, Maſter, how far has the Duke of *Savoy* to march to *Thoulon*?

Obſ. From *Nice*, the Place of his Rendezvouz, he has but 80 Miles to *Thoulon*, an eaſy March in five or ſix Days Time; and our Fleet being now at a ſhort Diſtance, will ſoon be there to perform their Part by Sea. The Harbour is extreamly well fortify'd to the Sea-ward, but not ſo by Land; ſo that 'tis thought the Work may be accompliſh'd in a ſhort Time.

Country-m. Maſter, the Thoughts of this, cheers up my Heart wonderfully: Have you any more of this Sort?

Obſ. Yes, *Roger*; I foreſee a Battel and Victory in *Flanders*.

Country-m. That's well; but how do you make it out? Is your Perſpective true?

Obſ. We did not think it convenient to fight the Enemy, becauſe they out-number'd us: Now the Prints tell us, that the *French* have deſerted in ſuch Numbers, that their Battalions are diminiſh'd by one third.

Country-m. Better and better. We muſt ſuppoſe, that the third Part of their Deſerters come over to us, (for that I underſtand by Deſertion) has added one third of the Enemy's Army to ours, and leſſen'd theirs as much. Now, the Enemy, before their Men had deſerted at this Rate, were never one third ſuperior in Number to ours; ſo that we being ſuperior in Number to them, we may fight them, aye, and *Hockſtedt* and *Ramilly* them too.

Obſ. I hope ſo, *Roger*; and I believe it won't be long firſt, for both Armies can't continue long in their Camps, for Want of Forrage; and upon their decamping, is the lucky Minute, the happy Turn to thoſe who can catch the Hop of War.

Country-m. Come, Maſter, to the happy Hop on our Side, one Bumper of *October*; my Spirits begin to be ſomething up; I hope I ſhall be able in a ſhort Time, to face the High-flyers, and all the Enemies of the Queen and Government: One good fighting Story will lay 'em all flat on their Backs.

Obſ. Well, *Roger*, what ſhall us diſcourſe of farther this Evening?

Country-m. Maſter, I would deſire your Opinion on a Paragraph in the laſt *Poſt-Boy*.

Obſ. Read it, *Roger*.

Country-m. It is thus: "Captain *Dampier* is "arriv'd from cruiſing. He gives an Account, "that he was in Sight of a rick *Spaniſh* Ship "in the *South Seas*, going from *Lima* to *Mexi*-"*co*, and could have taken her, had not his "Men mutiny'd. After this, ſome of his "Men deſerted, and having but 25 Men left, "he was forc'd to put into *Amboyna*, where "his Ship was ſeiz'd, and he came over heither "in an *Eaſt India* Ship. He alſo relates, that "the other Ship, that went out with him, "left him.

Obſ. Theſe are Blunders peculiar to the *Poſt-*

Post-Boy. Capt. Dampier *is arriv'd from cruising*; that is, *Roger*, from circumnavigating the whole World: A pretty Sort of a Cruiſe!

Country-m. I ſhan't cruiſe with Capt. *Dampier*, nor any Body elſe, at that Rate. But, pray, Maſter, if you can, give me an Account of this Cruiſe, becauſe you have ſo often recommended this Voyage to the *South Seas*, as an Expedition ſo very profitable and advantagious to ſuch as may concern themſelves therein; and by this Account, I find no Profit at all.

Obſ. Therefore we ought to examine into the Matter of Fact. The Ship he ſpeaks of, was the *Manita* Ship, whoſe Cargo in Plate and Commodities is generally computed at two Millions and half Sterling; they came up with this Ship on the 6th of *December*, 1704. There was no Mutiny on board Capt. *Dampier*'s Ship: The only Difference betwixt the Captain and Crew, was about boarding the Enemy, the Crew were for laying her on board, but the Captain was againſt it, and ſwore, that he would ſhoot the Steerſ-man, if he ſheer'd his Ship on board the Enemy; for Want of which, the Ship was not taken; and this is the real Matter of Fact.

His Men did not deſert him 'till the 1ſt of *February* following, and that for ſeveral Reaſons; becauſe his Ship was leaky, and could not ſwim long, and that there was no Hopes of Profit, unleſs they fought whatever they met with, which it ſeems the Captain did not care to do, unleſs, as he told his Surgeon, he could make him more Men, in Caſe thoſe he had were kill'd, which the Surgeon could in no wiſe promiſe to perform.

Upon theſe and other weighty Conſiderations, Part of the Crew, to the Number of 35, deſerted, and 28 ſtay'd with the Captain; the 35 took but one Half of the Proviſions, *&c.* which was not their full Dividend, and putting themſelves on board a Barque of about 80 Tuns, they ſet ſail for *England* by the Way of *India*, and putting into *Amboyna*, to get Proviſions, were there ſeiz'd by the *Dutch*, and put into Priſon, and afterwards ſent Home to *Europe* in the *Dutch* Ships.

Country-m But, Maſter, in this long Cruiſe, did not theſe People fight at all? Have they brought Home never a fighting Story?

Obſ. Yes, *Roger*, this Cruiſe affords us one memorable fighting Story. On the 10th of *April*, 1704. Capt. *Dampier*, cruiſing on the Coaſt of *Peru*, made a Sail ſtanding in for the Shore, and crowded after her with all the Sail he could make: This was a Barque of about fifty Tuns, and her Crew perceiving they muſt be taken, got a-ſhore in their Boat, with what Things of Value they could carry, but left their Veſſel with the Sail ſtanding, and the Helm laſh'd cloſe.

The *St. George* (for ſuch was the Name of Capt. *Dampier*'s Ship) coming fair with her within Shot, and not knowing that the Men had left her, began to fire upon her. It ſo happen'd that the Men had left a Monkey on Board, and the Shot whiſtling about Capt. *Pug*'s Ears, put him into a lamentable Conſternation; he was not ſtrong enough to unlaſh the Helm; and if he could have done this, he knew not how to order the Sails, to bring her by or large, as might beſt favour his Eſcape; but being horribly frighted at the Fire and Shot, he friſk'd about, ſometimes on the Gunnel, ſometimes on the Shrowds, and ſometimes on the Main-top. *Pug*, by his Agility and Nimbleneſs, appearing in ſo many Places, and ſeemingly at one Time, created a Jealouſy in the Enemy, that the Ship was well Mann'd, (or Monkey'd, which you pleaſe) ſo that ſeveral Shot were fir'd at her; but at length ſhe was boarded, and Capt. *Pug* being able to do nothing in his own Defence, but to grin and chatter at the Enemy, he was taken a Priſoner.

Country-m. A memorable Fight, indeed! I did not care if I were in ſuch a Fight my ſelf; there's leſs Danger in fighting Monkeys, than Men, tho' I ſhould not care to go as far as the *South Seas* to be engag'd in ſuch a Rencounter, and return Home again without a Penny in my Pocket.

Obſ. Well, *Roger*, what ha'ſt more to offer?

Country-m. Maſter, I obſerve the Kindneſs of the Duke *D'Anjou* to his Soldiers; certainly he's very kind to 'em whilſt living, if he's ſo abominable kind to 'em after they are dead.

Obſ. How's that, *Roger*?

Country-m. Why, Maſter, he has order'd no leſs than fifty thouſand Maſſes to be ſaid for the Repoſe of the Souls of thoſe his Soldiers that were kill'd in the Battel of *Almanza*. This is good News, Maſter.

Obſ. How do'ſt make that out, *Roger*?

Country-m. Why, by this 'tis evident, that there were fifty thouſand *French* and *Spaniards* ſlain in that Battel: En't that a fine Number of 'em?

Obſ. But how do'ſt make this appear? Thou ha'ſt learn'd to argue of the *Rehearſal*.

Country-m. 'Tis as plain as the Noſe in a Man's Face; I mean of one that has a Noſe. At a Maſs for each Man, fifty thouſand Maſſes makes fifty thouſand Men: This is according to the Rules of Eccleſiaſtical and Vulgar Arithmetick.

Obſ. But, *Roger*, thou ar't miſtaken; theſe Maſſes are ſaid in common, for the Souls of all the Soldiers kill'd in that Battel.

Country-m. Say you ſo, Maſter; if they take them *omnium getherum*, I don't know how to compute the Number of the Slain. Theſe Maſſes, they ſay, are for the Repoſe of their Souls; what's the Meaning of that?

Obſ. I take it to be for praying their Souls out of Purgatory.

Country-m. I don't know how the Papiſhes do proportion their Number of Maſſes for Souls, but here is fifty thouſand Maſſes order'd; ſuppoſe the Prieſts ſhould miſs but one Maſs, muſt not theſe poor Fellows remain pawn'd at the Half-way-Houſe?

Obſ. Without Doubt, *Roger*.

Country-m. And then here's another Difficulty: There were I can't tell how many of King *Charles*'s Papiſh Subjects kill'd at *Almanza*; how will the Marſhals, or Wardens, or Keepers of Purgatory, know which are which, ſince they are all Papiſhes, kill'd at the ſame Time, and come thither at the ſame Time?

Obſ. Oh, they ſend a Liſt of their Names, as we do for Exchange of Priſoners.

Country-m. But what then becomes of King *Charles*'s Papiſh Subjects, that were kill'd in that Fight? I don't hear of any Maſſes are to be ſaid for them.

Obſ. You know, the *Virgin Mary* was always kind to the Houſe of *Auſtria*; they are under her Care.

Country-m. If ſhe is no kinder to their Souls, than ſhe was to their Bodies in that Battel, I wou'dn't give a —— for her Kindneſs.

Advertiſements.

*** The Life and Reign of *Peter* the II. late King of *Portugal*; his Birth; the original Foundation of that Kingdom. To which is added, a true Scheme of their Politicks, a Computation of their Forces, both by Sea and Land. With many memorable Abſtracts out of their own beſt Hiſtories. With his Epitaph by two Hands. *Korah*, or the Danger of Schiſm, a Satyr. *Daniel* the Prophet no Conjurer, *&c.* Kit-Kat C——b deſcrib'd. The Hiſtorical Catechiſm, or an Explanation of the old and new *Teſtaments*, by way of Queſtion and Anſwer, after a more eaſy and familiar manner, than any hitherto extant, very edifying and profitable for Children to learn before they begin to read the *Bible*; by a Reverend Divine of the Church of *England*. The Oracles of the Diſſenters, containing 45 Relations of pretended Judgments, Prodigies, and Apparitions, in behalf of the Nonconformiſts, in Oppoſition to the eſtabliſh'd Church, *&c.* by an impartial Hand. *Famoſus Defamator*, the infamous Libeller, that ſlanderous privy Backbiter, arraign'd and condemn'd by the Divine, Canon, Civil, and Common Laws, proſecuted. All ſeven ſold by *B. Bragge*, in *Pater-Noſter-Row*.

*** Your old Phyſician Dr. *Caſe*, deſires you not to forget him, who cures all Venereal Diſeaſes, or the Grand P—, with all its attending Symptoms, very cheap, pleaſant, and no Neglect of Buſineſs, in few Days, at *Lilly*'s *Head*, over againſt *Ludgate Church*, within *Black-Fryars* Gate-way.

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